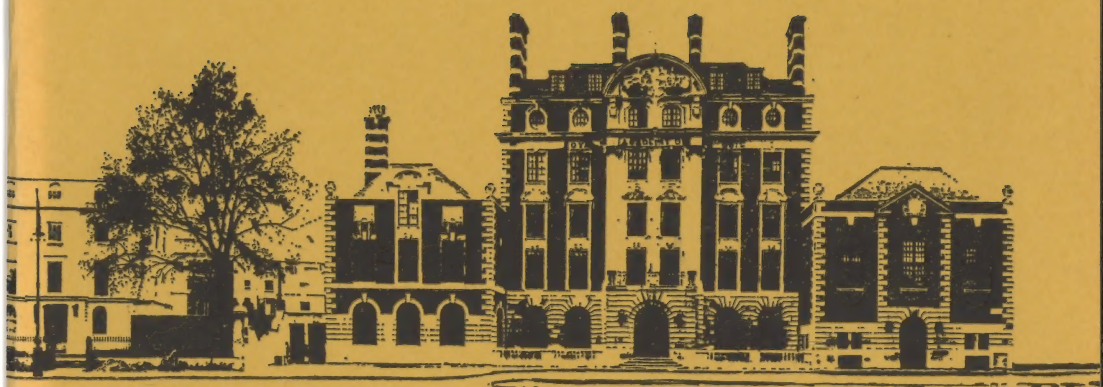


The Royal Academy of Music Magazine

No 208 Summer 1975



The Royal Academy of Music Magazine

Incorporating the Official Record of the RAM Club and Students' Union

Editor Robin Golding

No 208 Summer 1975

Royal Academy of Music
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Predictably, Dr Paul Steinitz's letter in the Spring issue of the *Magazine* has provoked some response—at least from the students, as two replies in this issue show. Whether one agrees with the assertion that 'coming in three days a week' is the 'accepted way of life' for the majority of the student body, or not, is, I should have thought, at least questionable; and I can think of few less appropriate adjectives to describe Dr Steinitz than 'Victorian'! Messrs Oliver and Harmar-Smith may have a point when they deplore the lack of interest—only too common, unfortunately, in musicians of all ages—in other arts, shown by most students at the RAM, but it is surely not quite fair to ascribe this to official indifference or lack of encouragement: there is, after all, a tutorial system whose chief *raison d'être* is human communication between teacher and pupil, between staff and student; and precious time in a busy curriculum is devoted to the exploration of non-musical disciplines, notably in Review Week—an occasion not conspicuously well patronised by more than an enterprising minority of students. More, constructive, views would be welcome, from all sides; and perhaps we might hear more on the subject of Dowland, Lully *et al*? At least there will be more opportunity for this than in the recent past, for the *Magazine* is, I am happy to say, to appear once a term from now on. This has been made possible by the decision to change from letterpress printing to litho—which may entail some slight loss of quality but is certainly chaper. The *Magazine* should therefore be issued in March, July and December, although a printing dispute (which, ironically, is concentrated on Kent, where our printers are) may delay the appearance of this Summer issue. Articles and other contributions will, of course, be even more welcome from all sources, but I would urge contributors to observe the copy dates given at the end of the *Magazine*, since editorial and printing schedules are not elastic!

Fred Matthews

Guy Jonson



Photo by Douglas Hawkrigde

The sterling attributes of loyalty and long-service in any one employ disappeared in large measure after the historical watershed and upheaval of the Second World War. Those inimitable characters Hallet and Green, who served the RAM so well and for so long during the first half of this century can now only be remembered by an ever rapidly and sadly diminishing number. Messrs Smaldon, Johnson, Clifforde and Bednarz (the latter two happily still assisting us with Club affairs) all served the Academy with loyalty and devotion, as articles in previous issues of the *Magazine* record. Their years of service severally put together would exceed the life of the Academy itself!

And now Fred Matthews after almost twenty-five years of what can only be described as dedicated service as Hall Porter, retired in April this year. Coming to us as a retired Petty Officer in the Royal Navy, Fred brought to bear a quiet discipline and unruffled exterior which surely was so fashioned by his years in the Senior Service. At no time can I recall Fred being roused, however trying the situation by which he was confronted. He possessed a keen memory and an unsuspected, though rarely revealed, sense of humour which came to the rescue when occasion demanded; and these qualities, together with his polite consideration, went far in making life easy for everyone with whom he came into contact.

The accompanying photograph taken by Douglas Hawkrigde has captured Fred in a typically carefree moment. It is a happy thought that Professors were quick to respond to a presentation in

The Penderecki Concert

June Schneider



Photo by Elizabeth Spiedel

the form of a cheque before he departed. In bidding him adieu, we would wish him all happiness and contentment in his retirement—may he now have ample time to tend his roses which are his great pride and joy!

The RAM honoured Krzysztof Penderecki—the man and his music—last January, with a special ceremony-concert in which Sir Anthony Lewis, the Principal, conferred upon him honorary membership of the Academy before a concert of five Penderecki works, three of which were new to London. At forty-two Krzysztof Penderecki is undoubtedly the leader of Poland's musical *avant-garde* and is already an Establishment figure in international new music.

The RAM 'Penderecki conducts Penderecki' concert was interestingly wide-ranging as to scale and scoring (from duet-miniature to large-scale works for mixed instrumental forces) as well as to time-span, including works from 1959 to 1974. This period practically covers Penderecki's full career as composer to date; he graduated from the University of Cracow in 1958 and first achieved acclaim the following year when he won all the prizes of the Polish Union of Composers contest with works like his now famous *Psalmen Davids* and *Strophes*, works which are, then, contemporaneous with the *Three Miniatures*, with which the RAM concert began. The programming gave thus a nice feeling of a Penderecki 'retrospective', albeit a rather limited one, and offered a good vantage point from which to view his work. His brilliant manipulation of music's acoustic reality is well known as his hallmark, and this aspect certainly emerged as the strongest element of his compositional craft. So too did the fact that his effectiveness in sonority is as versatile as it is unflagging, emerge with abundant evidence; and our knowledge was confirmed that he does not require large or unusual combinations of instruments to achieve his sound-spectacle.

Indeed the *Three Miniatures* for violin and piano (1959) encapsulated as much aural excitement, intensity and fascination as the concert's later and larger works with their exotic instrumentation. *Polymorphia* for forty-eight strings (1962) and the second string quartet (1968) displayed his exploration and exploitation of string sound further, showing a consolidation of his powerful and original string vocabulary. This uninhibited and fruitful investigation of all possibilities of technique and timbre of conventional musical instruments and a concomitant new sound-language constitutes Penderecki's major contribution to music, one which has already made a permanent impact. His experiments can in fact already be seen as part of a new tradition. And in what a boundless sound-language does he express himself, ranging from highly glossed polish to jagged, raw edges; from breathless hush to explosive brutalism; from dynamic animation to static sound-panels; from intricately moving texture-clusters to opaque sound-spaces; from subtle suggestiveness to vivid exaggeration.

Polymorphia—surprisingly never before performed in London—is a major work in Penderecki's output. In it he investigates almost every possible manner of string attack and action both in terms of single sounds, mixed sounds and textures, like sound aggregates and clusters, precise pitch, non-precise pitch colour and solid bands of pitch contrasts, cluster glissandos, between-bridge-and-tailpiece playing, *sul ponticello*, *sul tasto* and of course every manner of *col legno* action.

The resultant sound-strata communicate with immediacy and compulsion. Sound-conglomerations form and change, splitting, merging, converging, contracting with an inner animation which fulfills the 'multi-shape' promise of the title. The string players of the RAM Orchestra (leader Paul Willey) conducted by the composer gave a highly charged performance, delightfully combining technical assurance with a spirit of audacity and adventure.

By contrast with the unconventional effects attained by conventional instruments in the first three works, *Pittsburgh Overture* (1967—first European performance) is unconventionally scored for a colourful mass of winds and percussion, including many wind instruments rarely heard. Conductor Paul Patterson and the RAM wind and percussion players delivered this work with all the blustering brilliance it demands, and once again it was Penderecki's aural vision and inventiveness, his sure sense of theatrical sonority which held sway. Although no longer having the interest of novelty, his sound-language remains unfailingly compelling. It has a sure-fire power to dazzle, disturb and intrigue, with beguiling immediacy, but not, I fear, with any permanence. There are no depths to be probed beneath the brilliant sound-surfaces and the effects tend to become reduced to just that—'effects', gestures. A case perhaps of effect without cause?

The Dream of Jacob, this concert's representative of Penderecki's most recent work (August 1974—first British performance), provides no reassurance, and does nothing to satisfy the below-the-surface quest which has been disturbing the composer's critics increasingly in recent years. Certainly he still has the power to astonish and excite, his sound-manipulation is still ingenious, but no real development of his promising sonic possibilities can be discerned, nor can one hear any enrichment of substance or structure. On the contrary *The Dream of Jacob*, like *Pittsburgh Overture*, operates on the level of surface effectiveness only, with great dynamic change and contrast, but tends to rely heavily upon the external, superficial sound-spectrum—a sound-spectrum which only just manages to sustain the work's paucity of inner content and of formation.

Compensation comes in the main from the sound contrasts which in *The Dream of Jacob* are particularly striking: dense orchestral aggregates; slow vibrati with quarter-tone frequency differences; alternately nervously agitated or heroically animated full wind sounds rich in extra effects like flutter-tonguing and key-striking; action-indications like sawing and rubbing; gently undulating glissandos; violent, texturally-composed heaps and clusters; the enchanted murmur of pure-tone ocarinas. There seems to be no limit to Penderecki's sound-sorcery, no end to the aural images and contrasts he can conjure.

Yet the contrasts are simply laid down without interaction or integration, and the drama comes solely from the surface of the sounds, never from within. The listener is left longing for richer musical and conceptual substance and structure, for some incipient inner life. For at least ten years now critics have penetrated Penderecki's glittering sound-façade to discover, disappointingly, 'no hidden depths'.

It is sad to confirm that the newer works of recent years have yielded no new dimensions. Penderecki continues characteristically to reject conceptualising or structuralising. He continues to apply simplistic block-, arch- or band-formations—simplistic thinking which stands in odd incongruity

with the multiplicity and mobility of his musical language and which adds to the unsatisfying disparity of form and content, of the music's inner and outer worlds.

Taken over all, however, the magic and magnetism of the instrumental imagery succeeded in dispelling the disparities. *The Dream of Jacob*, excitingly conducted by the composer, received clamorous acclaim from the capacity Duke's Hall audience, warranting a repeated performance of the work.

Lewinski once said that '...the seductive power of compositions based on colour was that for a while it diverted our attention from the real crisis of modern music'. Perhaps the truth is that we are happy to be diverted thus?

(Dr Schneider's article originally appeared in *Music and Musicians*, and is reprinted by kind permission of the Editor.)



Photo by Vivienne p. 95.

Profile No 10 **Flora Nielsen,** **Hon RAM**

Graham Johnson

Throughout this country, and beyond it, hundreds of people who care about the special and discerning world of *lieder* and the *mélodie* remember Flora Nielsen's singing with special affection. I have heard people speak rapturously of her voice with its unique quality, and of the depth and radiance of her interpretations. At a time when *lieder* were sung in terrible English translations and when English singers did not enjoy the world-wide reputation and esteem that they now possess in this field, an English-born singer had great success in the very citadels of German song. I was told once how Miss Nielsen was 'interviewed' by the famous accompanist Michael Raucheisen in Berlin; he was very powerful in musical circles and played for all the famous German *lieder* singers. After a very few minutes he signified his willingness to play for her, somewhat incredulous that an English singer could meet his standards. His pompous seal of approval, however, bore no fruit. Gerald Moore, who has proved to the world that *lieder*



accompaniment is not exclusively a German province either was regularly accompanying Miss Nielsen at this time, and accompanying her a lot better than Herr Raucheisen would have done! And the Second World War intervened, an event which swallowed up a precious six years in many a career. In Flora Nielsen's case plans for broadening her concert tours to include Germany and the USA in the 1940 season were shelved, and she worked instead on the family dairy in Surrey, resuming her European career after the war.

To many of her admirers her work is a fond memory, but for a number of lucky young singers and accompanists, and for all those knowledgeable in the world of singing, her work is an ever-present fact. That Flora Nielsen is a great teacher is beyond doubt—her results with young singers over the years testify to this—but what are the qualities that contribute to this fine teaching? Firstly, by way of pedigree one may say, there is the greatness of her own teachers. She worked with Elena Gerhardt, the greatest *lieder* singer of her time, and it is from Gerhardt that stems Miss Nielsen's fussiness about words and their meanings and the subtleties of vocal colour which can highlight these words and bring an interpretation to life (I have seen a photograph inscribed by Gerhardt to 'Flora Nielsen, heir of my Art'). From Anne Thursefield came her beautiful French and her expertise in dealing with the *mélodie*. From Fritz Lehmann, brother of Lotte Lehmann, came her knowledge of opera, and from Dame Ninette de Valois instruction in movement and deportment. And then as well as this self-disciplined search for excellence there was a lifetime's experience including performances with Chaliapin, a long friendship with Elisabeth Schumann, the challenge of creating an important rôle in Britten's *The Rape of Lucretia*, and the long collaboration with Gerald Moore, to name only a few highlights of this extraordinary career. And yet despite this resounding reputation Flora Nielsen is the most humble and uncomplacent of artists. Her self-criticism and her impatience with anything but her own best, make her able to accept only the best from others, according to their abilities. In a sense she is a better teacher than her own mentor Gerhardt, for she has a steel-like determination to concentrate on technique, believing that fine interpretation can only begin when the singers have the technical means to put their thoughts and feelings into effect. This determination has resulted in frank words and occasionally rebuke, yet how wonderful to see a teacher lay her cards on the table, where praise if given means a genuine step forward, and where there is a no-nonsense attitude to problems which seems to say, 'I make you no promises but let's work hard together and perhaps we'll go places'. It has been my privilege to accompany for some of her lessons over the last years, and how pianists love working with a teacher where the accompaniment is treated as an integral part of the whole, and not as a second-rate appendage! If we are criticised ('Gerald used to take it a lot slower') we can happily remember that Miss Nielsen has worked with the best, and tips are being handed down from high places.

Flora Nielsen's recorded legacy as a singer consists of three 78 rpm HMV plum label discs much valued in collecting circles. A record devoted each to Schubert, Schumann and Wolf, all accompanied by Gerald Moore, reflect the same taste for quality of repertoire that has helped countless pupils since. Particularly beautiful are the song *Requiem* by Schumann and the *Die ihr schwebet* from Wolf's *Spanisches Liederbuch*. The voice has a

golden quality all its own, a true mezzo without a trace of 'plumminess', and how the songs live with an intensity of projection and colouring of the German! In the Wolf song already mentioned, her singing of the phrase 'es schlummert mein Kind' remains hauntingly with me as I write. This brings us to the very special connection between Miss Nielsen and the songs of Hugo Wolf, a feeling for the songs handed down to her in a direct line of succession via Artur Nikisch by Elena Gerhardt. Scanning old programmes I am stunned by the breadth of her repertoire, but particularly by her tireless advocacy of songs by Wolf—complete Wolf recitals with Gerald Moore, and as a team they were joined by Bruce Boyce for the complete *Italienisches Liederbuch*.

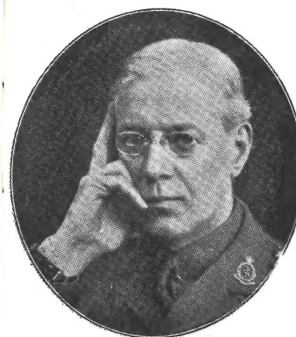
It is impossible to analyse completely the multifarious qualities of an artist. In Flora's case she has poured all the committed energy that characterised her singing career into her teaching, and into all her efforts on behalf of young people including being a Trustee for the Countess of Munster Trust. As with her indomitable courage in fighting back to health after a stroke, which would have defeated many a lesser person, this strength is evident in everything she does, the courage of a great lady who has dedicated her life to an exacting occupation, that of serving composers and their music first and foremost.

As her seventy-fifth birthday approaches (28 August—also Goethe's birthday, very appropriate for a person who has sung Goethe's words all her life) all her students, colleagues and friends join in a chorus (and for her it must be a well-sung chorus) of 'FLOREAT FLORA. May you long illuminate the singer's world with your wisdom'.

[There is to be a performance of Wolf's *Italienisches Liederbuch* in honour of Flora Nielsen's seventy-fifth birthday in the Purcell Room on 2 October 1975, by Felicity Lott (soprano), Richard Jackson (baritone), and Graham Johnson (piano)—Ed.]

The Musical Opinions of Dr Crotch (Part 3)

William Alwyn



William Wallace in army
uniform

The idea of Dr Crotch was suggested by Debussy's delightful book of musical essays and criticism: Monsieur Croche, Antidilettante. The character of my Dr Crotch is very freely based on Dr William Wallace, one of the most remarkable men I have ever met, and a guide and inspiration to me during my early manhood at the Royal Academy of Music, where he was acting librarian to occupy his agile brain in his old age.*

William Wallace was born at Greenock in 1860 and died in 1940. He graduated in medicine and specialised in ophthalmology, studying in Vienna and Paris. At the age of thirty he dropped medicine for music and joined the staff of the RAM, but returned to medicine during the First World War as senior ophthalmic surgeon to the British Army.

A friend of Liszt, he was the first Englishman to compose a symphonic poem (1892) and his Villon was in the world orchestral repertoire in the early years of this century. His versatility seemed to have no limits. He was an artist and sculptor and exhibited at the Royal Academy. He was an authority on Greek letters and French argot; founder and chairman of the François Villon Society; chairman of the Royal Philharmonic Society; and author of books on Wagner, The Threshold of Music and The Musical Faculty.

He was a chain-smoker to the last. When I went to see him on his death-bed he was paralysed and could barely move, and was

*Debussy's *Monsieur Croche* was itself based on Paul Valéry's *Monsieur Teste*.

utilising an eighteenth-century ivory 'back-scratcher' to draw his packet of cigarettes towards him. His mind was as alert and humorous as ever.

Doctor Crotch on Conductors and Conducting

'The point of the baton is that it has no point', said Dr Crotch, emphasising his paradox with an expansive two-handed gesture, which swept an empty tankard off the table and narrowly missed my eye.

'As I was saying', he went on after I had nervously regained my equilibrium, 'the orchestral musician does not watch the point of the baton he watches the point of the hand that grips it, otherwise there would be no exact synchronisation between the conductor's right and left hands. The baton is merely an emblem of authority, like the drum-major's knobbed staff. The longer the baton the more its owner is determined to establish his authority, the shorter the baton the less he finds it necessary. You can, but should not, pre-judge a conductor by the length of his baton.'

'Then the conductor who dispenses with a baton wields a natural authority?' I ventured.

'By no means', retorted the Doctor, 'I said that you *can*, but *should not* pre-judge. Take away the baton and you are left with the choir-master conductor who waves his hands vaguely like a tree in the wind, confusing an orchestra who more than anything else want a precise and clear 'down-beat', particularly the woodwind who sometimes have to count fifty or so bars at a go before making an entry with nothing to rely on except the precision of the conductor's time-beating. No, what I meant when I said that a baton has no point is that the orchestral player watches the fingers which grip the baton; he watches the base of the stick. And the stick helps to concentrate the attention. A baton is a balancing device for the conductor as well as his badge of office. It also helps to differentiate between the hand that indicates the time and the baton-less hand that by the sensitivity of its gestures draws from the players variety of expression and phrasing. Mind you, you cannot entirely divide the hands into two water-tight compartments—each shares in the other's functions, but by and large', added the Doctor generously, 'you can take it that what I've said is pretty near the truth'.

He refreshed himself with a swig at his beer and thoughtfully brushed off the drops which clung to his straggling moustache.

'But all this is rather beside the point because baton-technique has little to do with conducting—at least about as much as a racquet has to do with a tennis ball. You can learn all the theory of the game but that won't make you a Wimbledon champion. You can practise conducting technique in front of a mirror to the music of a gramophone record but that won't guarantee you a permanent position on the rostrum. Your genuine conductor is a freak of personal magnetism; an amalgam of an exhibitionist, a mesmerist and an authoritarian; a musician who is not only a better musician than any one of the individual players in the orchestra, but can immediately convey to the orchestra his superiority without causing resentment—and, I mean, *without causing resentment*. I've known brilliant musicians and able technicians whose mere appearance on the rostrum at once aroused antagonism in their players... like poor little Oscar Fried', he added with a sorrowful wag of his head.

'Who was Oscar Fried?'

'A friend of Mahler's and his ardent disciple. A splendid and cultivated musician who had the unhappy knack of getting on everybody's nerves including those of Mahler himself, who would hastily retire to his bedroom when poor Oscar was in the offing. I remember him rehearsing Mahler's fourth Symphony at the Queen's Hall and within minutes he had reduced the orchestra to a maddened and undisciplined mob.* Poor fellow, he had all the conducting technique in the world but, like a cat and Napoleon, an orchestra and Fried could not exist in the same room. No, baton-technique is meaningless without animal magnetism. Take Weingartner, for example, I saw him conduct the 5:4 movement in Tchaikovsky's 'Pathétique' Symphony—beating four in a bar. Poor chap, quintuple time was out of his usual routine in the German classics. Yet he drew from the orchestra a flowing and essentially musical performance. He had this queer gift of magnetism. The moment he placed his foot on the platform the orchestra would freeze to silence—they seemed to sense his very shadow. He also had the economy of gesture of the great artist—the Rachmaninov immobility. You will notice that all truly great artists, whether conductors, pianists, violinists or what you will, are always quiet and controlled on the rostrum, the platform or the piano stool. Excessive gestures from a conductor are a distraction to the orchestra however entertaining they might be to the audience. That is why he who indulges in them is either an exhibitionist or is lacking in self-control.'

'But', I remonstrated, 'a conductor must vary the scope of his gestures, or how can he differentiate between his indications of *forte* and *piano*: he can't achieve a *fortissimo* from the brass with a minimal motion of the hands.'

'How does Rostropovich—himself a conductor not to be sneezed at—how does he achieve such beauty and such tonal variety from his cello with the minimal amount of bow? Control and repose, my dear chap; economy of physical means to achieve the ultimate, the control of the athlete, the marathon runner, the tight-rope walker, the repose of the great performing artist and the great conductor. But, if I may say so, you are sticking to one point only—the point of the baton. The hands and the stick play the least important part in conducting. You are forgetting the eyes and the face—particularly the eyes.'

'What do you mean?'

'The conductor is a mesmerist, a hypnotist. He controls his orchestra with his eyes. His eyes convey his thoughts and his commands. An orchestra watches a conductor's face just as much as his hands. That is why only the inexperienced conductor buries his nose in the score. The score should be registered here', Dr Crotch tapped his brow reflectively. 'Just think for a moment: when a piece of music is being performed by a symphony orchestra, more than a hundred eyes are focused on the conductor's face—or rather fifty eyes, because your experienced orchestral player always has an eye on the music on his desk and one eye on the conductor. He feels cheated and loses faith in the conductor whose eyes are on his own music desk and who is distractedly whipping over the pages in an effort to keep up with the music. The really fine conductor carries the score in his head and has the actual music in front of him for emergency and for reference.'

*I was, myself, playing in the BBC Symphony Orchestra on this occasion—WA.

'But surely it's impossible for a conductor to memorise the whole of a concert programme, particularly of unfamiliar works, or, say, the whole of *Götterdämmerung*, unless he has a freak photographic memory. Take concert pianists, for instance, who have to limit themselves to a few concertos because it's the modern fashion to play from memory, and they can't cope with a mass of different works, that is, unless they happen to be a Rachmaninov or a Rubinstein.'

'You forget', replied the Doctor, 'that the pianist playing a concerto has to *play* the music himself as well as memorise it, whereas the conductor holds only a watching brief. The fact that the music is in the act of being played, in spite of, or if you like, because of the conductor's participation is in any case a sure guide to memory. As you know yourself, old fellow, when you listen for the third or fourth time to a gramophone recording of a symphony, you've probably said to yourself, as I certainly have, that you know it so well that you could conduct it from memory, though common-sense reminds me, if it doesn't you, what a hash I should make of it given the opportunity! Be that as it may, my main thesis is unassailable. It all goes back to what I said earlier on: that the conductor must appear to know more about the work being performed than the orchestra does. There's a wealth of subtle meaning in that single word *appear*', added the Doctor with a sly chuckle, 'and I won't enlarge on it. But you can take it from me that the truly great conductor *does* know more about the music, and about *all* music, than any of his players. That is absolutely and undeniably essential.'

'You must have seen a lot of conductors in your time', I said, changing the subject.

'I've seen 'em all', said Dr Crotch with a self-satisfied smirk. 'All of them from Nikisch to Toscanini, from Monteux and Furtwängler ('face-waggler' my dear old friend Henry J Wood used to call him) to von Karajan and as fine a collection of geniuses and would-be geniuses, frauds and exhibitionists as you would ever see in Madame Tussaud's. Mind you, don't imagine that I consider them all charlatans—by no means—your really great conductors are the cream of musicians, second only to the great composers. But in the main they are exhibitionists. Take your English conductors—a rum lot, I must say!'

'What do you really think of our British conductors?' I asked.

'You mean Boulez, Previn, Maazel and Solti?' enquired the Doctor impishly.

'You know perfectly well who I mean', I protested angrily. Really the old Doctor could sometimes try the patience of a saint.

'Now, now, my dear young man, never become passionate in the cause of art. Control your temper just as the good conductor controls his baton. You want my opinion of Beecham, Barbirolli, Sargent, Goossens, "Timber" Wood—all dead and gone, alas—or Boult and Colin Davis among the living? Boult wields an outside baton, which I abhor, but conceals a wealth of experience and romantic passion behind his moustache. Colin Davis cavorts about the rostrum like an unbroken colt, diverting the audience but disturbing the orchestra. Jerky movements lead to jerky performances. But, as Debussy remarked *à propos* the antics of Cortot as a budding conductor: "He's young and his love of music is completely disinterested—quite enough reason for keeping in check gestures that are more decorative than useful". Once Colin Davis has rid himself of Berlioz-fever . . . How anyone can have the patience to plod through the Berlioz repertoire, I can't imagine. Far

better read his *Mémoires*—a gifted scribbler but a musical mountebank.

'What about the simple and touching beauty of *L'Enfance du Christ*? I remonstrated, 'and the exquisitely tender music of the love scene in *Roméo et Juliette*?'

'Don't try to take the wind out of my sails! I may be an old windbag but, when you get a bit older, you will learn that a point worth making is a point worth stressing even to the point of over-emphasis. In any case, no composer ever achieved lasting international fame without reason. The trouble is to sort the wheat from the chaff. Composers often get over-praised for the wrong qualities and their real virtues are overlooked. Take Beethoven for instance. . . . Well, never mind. I have my foibles and you must bear with me. What was I saying? Oh yes, Colin Davis—a conductor of great promise. Is he a Weingartner, a Klemperer, a Furtwängler? Time alone will show. But I can't believe that any one of those three great conductors would have tolerated or deigned to participate in that disgraceful jamboree at the Albert Hall, the last night of the Proms. Art is sacred and the performance of music an act of veneration, of worship, and a concert hall is its holy temple. Not a place where music should be sacrificed to satisfy a shrieking mob of teenagers. "Land of hope and glory!"—little hope or glory to be found in this travesty of British music-making.' The Doctor shook his head sorrowfully.

'Surely you are being rather hard on Colin Davis. After all a young man has to make his way in the best way he can.'

'Not a bit of it, my boy. Hard on Colin Davis? I never waste my words on musicians, be they composers or conductors, unless I think they are worthy of mature thought and criticism. Mediocrity is anathema to me and not worth the expense of a single syllable, let alone a single word.'

'But how does a young conductor make his way?' I persisted. 'How does he make a start in this most responsible department in the profession of music?'

'Most conductors graduate from the orchestra', replied Dr Crotch. 'You will find that the majority of the finest conductors were originally orchestral players. They learned the ropes before they themselves started to tug on them like the puppeteers they are. An orchestra dances to the pull of the conductor's strings. The finest training in the world is to have sat at even the humblest back desk of the second fiddles and watched the eyes and face and the hands and the stick of a great conductor, and to have lived thus ecstatically for an unforgettable era under the inspiration of his spell. I did it myself, and I know.'

'The first principle of conducting', he continued, 'is to understand your musicians. The second principle is to avoid unnecessary explanations at rehearsal—the conductor who chatters too much forgets that his primary object is to secure a performance with his eyes and his hands. Too much talk is a confession of inadequacy besides an irritation to the orchestra, who are there to play their instruments not to listen to a lecture. Have you never seen a triangle player straining at the leash while the conductor discusses a point of phrasing with the first violins? A sorry sight! No wonder musicians take to drink.' And the Doctor took a sympathetic gulp of beer and stubbed out his cigarette after lighting another from its glowing tip.

'And talking of first principles', he continued with the air of an orator about to reach his peroration, 'the hall-mark of the truly great conductor is his ability to convince his players, and the

sparse spattering of musicians in the audience, that the work he is in process of performing is a truly great work. For instance, I liked Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony least of the nine until I heard Toscanini perform it, but, in spite of my antipathy to Beethoven's rustic high-jinks, while I was listening to it unfolding under Toscanini's baton I thought it the greatest. When Colin Davis can convince me that Berlioz is a great composer then I'll acclaim him a great conductor—though perhaps by then he himself will have lost some of his enthusiasm, stopped flogging a dead wooden horse and ceased working like a Trojan at his thankless efforts to topple the topless towers of Ilium.' The Doctor paused and took a deep breath as though sniffing the heady breezes of Parnassus. 'Yes, your truly great artist can persuade you that anything he plays is great. I remember Kreisler playing some trivial little piece at a recital in the Albert Hall—*Pale Moon*, I think it was called, some trashy song or other tricked out in the inimitable Kreisler manner—and it sounded the most beautiful piece I had ever heard. Wonderful, wonderful...' He wagged his old head in its solemn mystification at the eternal magic of music.

'You've talked a lot about the technique of conducting', I said, 'but little about interpretation. Tell me more.'

'Interpretation's another kettle of fish and unless you want to be here all night... But I will mention just one point: the really great interpreter-conductor is usually a really great composer-conductor. Mahler, for example, Richard Strauss—a great Mozart conductor—you told me you yourself played under him.'

'Yes, in *Don Juan*. He certainly had a minimal beat, hardly any movement with his baton, but we played with all the passion in the world. And I played under Elgar', I added.

'I heard Elgar conduct his *Dream of Gerontius*', said the Doctor, 'at a Three Choirs Festival in 1927...'—'In that very performance!' I cried—'A performance which must have made the very angels in heaven weep for joy. I envy you, young man; it certainly had me in tears—and I'm no angel, just an honest musician. Let's drink to Edward Elgar—as good an excuse as any. Fill up the tankards, there's a good chap.' And the Doctor brushed away a furtive tear.

Strange old man! So perverse in his opinions yet as sensitive as a child.

(*To be concluded*)

On hearing a Purcell Fantasia

How, Master Purcell, how did you do it?
The times were hardly propitious, the conditions
Of London enough, surely, to drive
Sensitive men to drink? Everywhere the poor
Paraded their sorrows and sores,
Gin Lane was peopled by drabs and wantons,
By wrecks and rakes, by children
Dragging at dry dugs. The river
Was full of dead dogs, the walker
Risked at each step a bucket of piss on his head
The great houses fronted the river or the parks,
The choirs antiphonised to the Anglican God
As the kites dived after offal, and plague
Was never far off. Death was a Familiar.

True, you had money enough not to be forced
To live among thieves, tarts and scavengers.
You had respect of a kind, were in demand
As entertainer to the quality and the rising merchants.
But you could not escape them surely, the human
Detritus, the oppressed, the stinks of the place,
The soaring white churches with their feet in filth?

How, Master Purcell, did you come then
To write this marvellous, sane and serene music?
To hold in sonorous harmony, in graceful measure,
Your soul's vision? Listening as the gramophone
Unwinds that divine argument, spins for me
Your golden dialectic, that evidence
Of stillness held within the heart of things,
I can only wonder. Wonder and praise that some men
In all times and places can speak
So truly, so timelessly, however the world wags.

Two Sedoka*
(from 'Not in Words Only')

Why should meaning speak
From the moved air of music?
Vibrations of string, reed, drum?
How, without words, speaks
Sound to the innermost ear,
Telling of eternal things?

Electrons I'm told
Are bent to make this music,
This caricature of sound.
Over this one flute
Floats a serene melody,
A sweet pipe amid goat bleats!

By LBSCR to
the RAM

Amy Inglis

I entered the RAM as a student at the age of twelve in 1897. I was the youngest there, Marjorie Hayward being six months older. I had to travel from Croydon to London by train. At first my mother went with me and waited at the nearby YWCA until I had finished my lesson and then took me home, but as I had to go four times a week, she soon got tired of that and I was trusted to go alone.

I was often accompanied by a child considerably younger than I was, learning ballet dancing. I was amused to hear that she called me her 'little violin girl'. I was also often a fellow traveller with Mr Tobias Matthey. He and his wife lived near us in Purley. Mrs Matthey was, before her marriage, Jessie Kennedy, one of the Scottish Singers, and she was an old school friend of my mother's in Edinburgh. They became re-acquainted after many years, in the Croydon Public Library, where they had recognised each other first by their speaking voices. Mr Matthey was then writing his book *The Art of Relaxation*, and he used to mystify the people in the railway carriage by trying out his exercises on his knees. He also, on occasions very kindly helped me. I remember I was going to make my first appearance at a Fortnightly Concert. I forget what I was to play, but I know that it had rapid runs in it, which would run away. I confided in Mr Matthey and he taught me the principle of

*A Japanese verse-form with lines of 5, 7, 7, 5, 7, 7 syllables.

Poems

Frederic Vanson

thinking from beat to beat and timing each beat correctly, a lesson which I never forgot. We used to visit the Matthays in Purley. They had a cat which used to scratch itself violently when Mr Matthay played a few notes at the extreme treble end of the piano. They always called this performance by the cat 'his chromatic flea'.

I was always expected to go straight home. But I was friendly with a student, York Bowen (who later became a Professor), and with a girl student friend of his. He lived at Balham, between Victoria and Croydon, and I sometimes accompanied them (play-gooseberry) on their homeward journey. Of course that meant a slow train with a mid-journey change of train at Balham for me. I was standing on the platform there, waiting for my next train, when a fast train, carrying my mother, passed through. She saw me, to her surprise, standing there. Explanation followed! Once I got into a fast train, by mistake, when going home. I sat tight at East Croydon, hoping it would stop at South Croydon, but to my horror it sailed through and did not stop till it got to Brighton. To finish with, I shall always remember one journey home one day. Instead of hearing the train say, as it bumped over the sleepers, 'TeTUM, Te TUM, TeTUM', it said 'I've WON the SAURET PRIZE, I've WON the SAURET PRIZE, I've WON the SAURET PRIZE'.

The death of Lionel Tertis at the age of ninety-eight marks the end of an era; those glorious years when Kreisler reigned supreme over the violinists, Casals, his great twin, over the cellists, and Tertis himself was the greatest viola player of all time. To have listened and worked with these superb artists was an experience which inspired one's whole musical life. It was an era in which sheer individuality and the personal magnetism of the artist played a far bigger part, before the techniques of recording, broadcasting and television developed a new electronic way of life. The individuality of this immortal trio was so strong that there was never the slightest doubt who was playing. Kreisler's charm, the mighty musicianship of Casals, and Tertis's virtuosity held one spellbound, by the pure magic of their playing and power of their personalities. Of the three, Tertis had the distinction of rescuing his beloved viola from her menial tasks as handmaiden to the violin family. It was his passion to let her voice be heard as a soloist on equal terms with her two sisters. We all know how he succeeded.

When Tertis, as a young student at the RAM, switched from violin to viola, violinists and cellists did not know what had hit them, but they woke up! From the first week, when he 'went at' the instrument—to fill up a gap in a quartet he fell in love with it, and ever after dedicated the whole of his great life to the viola.

There were perhaps three main aspects of his life. First, the great artist then the teacher, and finally the creator of a new type of viola. First of all, in his long struggle to convince the musical world that the viola had indeed a voice worth hearing as a solo instrument, he had to develop an entirely new technique; overcome the peculiar problem of tone production which the viola presented; increase the range of the instrument by about an octave; and be able to do anything the violinists and cellists could! He had to solve the difficulty of playing a large viola, and be able to climb about all over it with consummate ease. His marvellous production of tone, which he could colour with as many shades as the painter can contrive from his palette, was something quite unique, whilst his ability to express himself with such ease and conviction was so magnetic that the listener seemed to become

part of the music itself. Indeed, the inspiring effect on composers who heard him, brought forth some of their finest works for him to play. In these latter years unfortunately, he was heard to say 'I wish composers would write *for* the viola instead of *against* it'!

So, first of all it was his virtuosity and artistry that gained him his world-wide reputation, and his achievement in bringing his beloved viola into the full sunshine, hitherto only enjoyed by the violin and cello. Then, the effect of his teaching brought a new look to the study of the viola and countless recruits. None of us who have studied with him will ever forget that appalling acute ear of his for faulty intonation, his everlasting search for beauty of tone from his pupils, and the demands he made for expressing themselves. We can remember that high falsetto voice exclaiming: 'That's no use, your fingers are all dead—bring them to life, or you'll kill that lovely phrase!' Then would follow this inimitable demonstration, and one would go home with those gorgeous sounds ringing in the ear, and want to practise, practise, practise to try and get things right for the next lesson.

Those years when he was a professor at the RAM for both viola and chamber music must truly be a wonderful memory for all his students to conjure up, even with perhaps a little, pain, when LT was on the war-path! What years they were too, when Jean Pougnet, Hugo Rignold, Harry Burly and Douglas Cameron were in his ensemble class, and he was training the Griller Quartet for their brilliant career.

Finally, the third aspect. When he retired from playing, he devoted himself utterly to creating a new type of viola. He hated the usual small viola, and wanted to design the ideal instrument from the player's point of view. It must have the maximum amount of tone with the finest quality, be as large as possible, but not too difficult to handle and get about on. He designed all the details and measurements, found that fine craftsman Arthur Richardson to make it, and after years of trial and error, they safely delivered the 'Tertis Model' viola, which is now being made all over the world. We, therefore, of the fraternity, have a splendid legacy, which will help to keep his name alive as long as the viola is played!

By the grace of God, he was able to finish his book *My Viola and I* before he died, surely one of the most illuminating autobiographies of any musician—covering three-quarters of a century of music-making all over the world. Lionel Tertis, the man himself, simply springs out of its pages. That such a book could have been written at such a great age, is a tribute to his devoted wife Lilian, who not only kept him at it, but did an enormous amount of typing, and all the other mass of work necessary. It was Lilian too, that made the last years of his life, when sight and other infirmities struck, so happy and comforted.

Eric Thiman
1900–1975

Christopher Regan

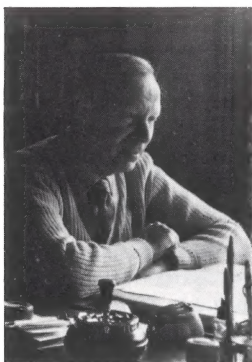
Eric Thiman's death, early in the Spring Term, came as a great shock and the feeling of loss was widespread. Advancing years had not diminished his capacity for work, and he was as busy as ever, teaching, examining, composing and performing.

I was neither taught nor examined by Eric whilst a student, and my earlier memories of him are as the impeccable organist at Ernest Read's London Junior and Senior concerts. But I often heard his name at home for he and my father were congenial colleagues and held each other in high professional esteem. My father greatly admired Eric's adroitness of mind, his phenomenal

Obituary Lionel Tertis 1876–1975

Bernard Shore





facility on paper and at the keyboard, and his complete professionalism. We usually referred to him at home as 'clever Eric': I hope that does not sound unkind—it was not intended to!

Some years after leaving the Academy I decided to have a shot at the London BMus and asked Eric to give me occasional lessons. For the first time I was to appreciate the warmth and humour that lay behind a somewhat reticent manner and dryness of utterance, and I was rather touched to find how interested he was in my career. His exceptional qualities as a teacher exceeded my expectations, and like countless others whom he taught I shall always be grateful for his skill and patience. To my shame he would do far more in one hour than I usually managed in a week: not a minute was wasted, and although much ground was covered he had a great capacity for elucidation and making one's newly acquired technique 'stick'.

The RAM benefited inestimably from his forty-four years as a professor. He retained his freshness and unstuffiness personally and professionally, and the esteem in which he was held by us all was reflected in the way he was constantly elected to serve on Advisory Boards and he exerted an unobtrusive but strong influence. His judgment was clear and sound when traditional practices were under scrutiny, and he was equally fair and perceptive when discussing innovations. His busy life did not prevent him from enjoying the social side of the Academy and he was elected President of the RAM Club in 1968. He also served the Club as Honorary Treasurer from 1950 until his death. During moments of relaxation it was rare for him to talk Academy or other professional 'shop'—but an impishness would come into his expression when he felt moved to spice the conversation by recalling relevant absurdities, and other humorous stories and incidents. He possessed a delightful and kindly wit, never used to better effect than in rare moments of exasperation.

Of his colossal output as a composer most people have a rather lop-sided impression. Some of his best and most original music is too little known, and it is to be hoped that his orchestral works will be housed in the RAM Library and be given a well-deserved airing (or even a hearing) from time to time.

This appreciation makes no attempt to do justice to the full extent of Eric's career, especially his work outside the RAM. The very moving Thanksgiving Service for his life and work at the City Temple was attended by a large and representative congregation and the Minister, Dr Kenneth Slack delivered a fine address which eloquently drew together the numerous aspects of Eric's career.

We offer our deep sympathy to his widow, Madeline, whose tireless support enabled Eric to achieve so much.

Gerald Barnes

I first met Eric Thiman after a choral concert at the Royal Albert Hall for which he had been playing when I was still a schoolboy. At the time, he expressed interest in my musical activities and when I later became a student at the RAM, I considered myself singularly fortunate in having him as my harmony Professor. He always regarded himself as largely self-taught, but what he learned himself he proved abundantly able to teach others. As a teacher, he expected of his pupils the same high standards of application and achievement which he demanded of himself, but at the same time he had endless patience, being wonderfully helpful to those who came under his wing. As an executant, he once claimed that he had played in almost every conceivable place of worship or entertainment except a circus! As a choral conductor

his gestures were economic, but he had performed most of the standard works, and to accompany the choral societies with whom he worked in recent years was an exciting, exacting and satisfying experience. Until the time of his sudden death he was much in demand as an adjudicator and examiner for various bodies, and with such an eventful life it is difficult to understand how his output in other directions could be so immense. He was certainly the most prolific composer of church music of this generation—seven cantatas, at least 150 anthems to say nothing of the very numerous solo songs, secular choral songs, keyboard pieces, works for orchestra and various text books. He was a miniaturist with an easy flow of melody and his music has been accepted in various parts of the world.

Those who came in close contact with Eric can hardly believe that he is no longer with us, as he always carried his years well and gave an air of indestructibility. He was a somewhat reserved person who bore his distinction with modesty, but who had infinite supplies of energy, great powers of concentration, and a sense of humour that made him very endearing to those who had known him a long time. By his death the Academy has lost a fine and gifted teacher and those who knew him have lost a real friend.

Reviews of New Books

Leighton Lucas

Richard Shead: *Constant Lambert* (Simon Publications, £2.95)

This is a singularly engaging study. It arouses nostalgic memories of an exciting period in English music and ballet. Lambert was an artist of so many parts that it is difficult to assess where his main talent lay. He was a fine conductor of eclectic tastes (Boyce, Chabrier and Erik Satie!), a penetrating critic whose book *Music Ho!* should grace every musician's bookshelves: a composer of skill though not of the first rank, whose best known work *The Rio Grande* achieved an instantaneous success.

As the author points out, it is rare to find so many diverse talents concentrated in one human being, and I rather suspect that this wide intellectual range tends to dissipate any one all-powerful talent. In Anthony Powell's prefatory *Memoir* this fact is implied if not categorically stated, where he writes 'For parallels one must turn not to the world of music but perhaps to Johnson or Wilde. He was a complete man in any age of specialists.'

My memories of Lambert are of an engaging and stimulating conversationalist. His abrasive scorn was exemplified in his outburst to me at the Queen's Hall on the occasion of the first performance of Sir Arthur Bliss' score *The shape of things to come*. Lambert's comment was 'The sound of everything that we have heard before'. One recalls his fascinating description of the elephants in Belle Vue, Manchester who, in their cages in the basement all bowed to the applause being lavished on a titled, popular conductor in the hall above!

I recall the almost hysterical attack of nerves which afflicted him before a performance of *Façade* at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, which I conducted. I was just waiting to start when I saw him gesticulating wildly. He was trembling; and sweat was pouring down his face, and he had no handkerchief! I threw him mine quickly and embarked on the overture. As soon as his cue to speak arrived he was as cool as ice, and recited the Sitwell poems with address and great vigour. (I never got my handkerchief back!)

His passion for cats was legendary. The charming photograph on the front cover of the book shows him working at the piano and caressing his pet cat at the same time. I frequently met him when

he was conducting a 'Prom' at the Albert Hall where his custom was to go into the Artist's bar and stroke the resident cat before going into the hall to mount his rostrum.

I must take the author to task when he described the first performance of Humphrey Searle's *Gold Coast customs* with Lambert sharing the narration with Dame Edith Sitwell. At no time did Lambert conduct me, as the author states. He gesticulated furiously in time to the music, and punched Dame Edith at every cue for her to speak ('My dear', she told me later, 'I was black and blue'). As a matter of fact these gesticulations upset the orchestra during rehearsals, and they asked him to desist since they found his vehement movements distracting. (I was amused to be hissed at the end of the work by Franz Reizenstein, who stumped up the steep tiers of the BBC Concert Hall, muttering darkly to himself in high dudgeon. I hope that the protest was aimed at the music, not the performance.)

I cannot truly subscribe to the view that Lambert was suffering from the strains of being a very successful ballet conductor to the detriment of his creative talent. This has been said before about Liszt and Rachmaninov, both of whom achieved enormous success as executants. If an artist desires to be simply a composer there is nothing to prevent him giving up his performing career and concentrating entirely on the creative. Lambert fulfilled himself at an early age as a conductor and organiser of a successful ballet company which allowed him *carte blanche* to choose such music as he desired. I notice that when the unfortunate breach with Covent Garden occurred, he did not immediately rush to his desk to compose new works. In his position of autocratic control over the artistic activities of such a company he occupied a rôle that would be the envy of many.

But, to sum up, the book makes delightful reading, and conjures up a portrait of a very intriguing figure. I am grateful for the pungent quotations from Lambert's letters. These are a pure delight.

Milly Stanfield: *The Intermediate Cellist* (OUP, £2)

Milly Stanfield, a former RAM Club member and student of Herbert Walenn at the Academy and the London Cello School, and of Maurice Eisenberg in Paris, and for many years a regular writer for *The Strad* magazine, has written a very fine book on cello technique entitled *The Intermediate Cellist*.

As Douglas Cameron intended to write an appreciation of this book, I should like to say how very pleased and impressed we both were with the valuable and sound advice which she has revealed in it. She has very clearly and simply analysed in great detail most major problems of cello playing. This should be an inspiration and prove most helpful to cello students and teachers starting their careers. A very interesting book written with Miss Stanfield's usual fine and commanding style; I strongly recommend it.

We were also very grateful to the publishers for the 'Postlude' (entitled 'The Master Speaks')—a tribute to Casals—at the end of the book.

Sir,

I feel that Dr Steinitz's recent letter to the *RAM Magazine* has been of great value in provoking professors and students alike to think seriously about the harmony syllabus, and about the rôle of the Academy.

One of Dr Steinitz's objections to the questions in recent harmony papers was that students were asked to harmonise music in styles which they could not possibly be expected to know well. In a Division I paper, he writes, students were asked to harmonise an extract from Lully, a composer 'by no means easy or accessible to students'. Another objection is that in an LRAM paper, candidates were asked (optionally) to ornament a Dowland tune. 'How many of us', he asks, 'could ornament Dowland properly?'

I think Dr Steinitz slightly misunderstood these two questions. I believe that, in these questions, students were not asked to harmonise Lully specifically in the style of Lully, or to ornament a Dowland tune specifically as Dowland would have ornamented it. They were simply being asked to harmonise and ornament these tunes *musically*, with a little understanding of the Baroque style. I'm sure this is how these questions were meant to be taken.

I think the study of harmony is grossly ignored here. Students treat it as something to be 'got out of the way'—like shaving in the morning, or putting the cat out at night. The study of harmony is surely the basis of a musician's training—the only way to a true understanding of music, *as music*, not merely as a useful technical exercise for performers.

It is hard to judge whether or not Dr Steinitz is right in saying that the Academy suffers from complacency. I would say that the RAM does not sufficiently encourage interest in other arts—painting, drama and so on. To foster this interest is, I think, the job both of the administrators and Students' Union.

Yours faithfully,
Oliver Williams

RAM

Sir,

The last paragraph of Dr Paul Steinitz's letter (Spring 1975) appears to be totally uninformed and completely confirms his admission that he 'misses a great deal of what goes on'. Consequently, he cannot possibly appreciate the problems or nature of RAM student politics, and should really have signed off after his rather more convincing points about the harmony syllabus.

However, his attitude does illustrate one of the major problems of the RAM: far from writing a 'Victorian fairy story', Oliver Williams painted an informative picture of how important the SU and the SRC are. He also points out the remedy for one of the RAM's most serious ills—lack of human contact amongst students, and between students and the professorial staff. The accepted way of life in the RAM is one of coming in three days a week—or even three times a year as some of the professors seem to prefer. This is an unhealthy attitude and one that is apparent in the overall atmosphere of the building. The Christmas Ball was almost a moving occasion for me because of the sense of communication (especially in the tug-of-war) between staff and students. It was an unbelievable exception to the usual situation.

What is the end result? One of the commonest phrases in the RAM is 'sticking it out', an attitude which has two main results: first, a sense of release from 'the place' with the ability to play two instruments moderately well; second, virtually no appreciation of any other art-form because the whole concept is not encouraged at all by the RAM. More communication would result in students having a much healthier interest in their work.

Lilly Phillips

Letters to the
Editor

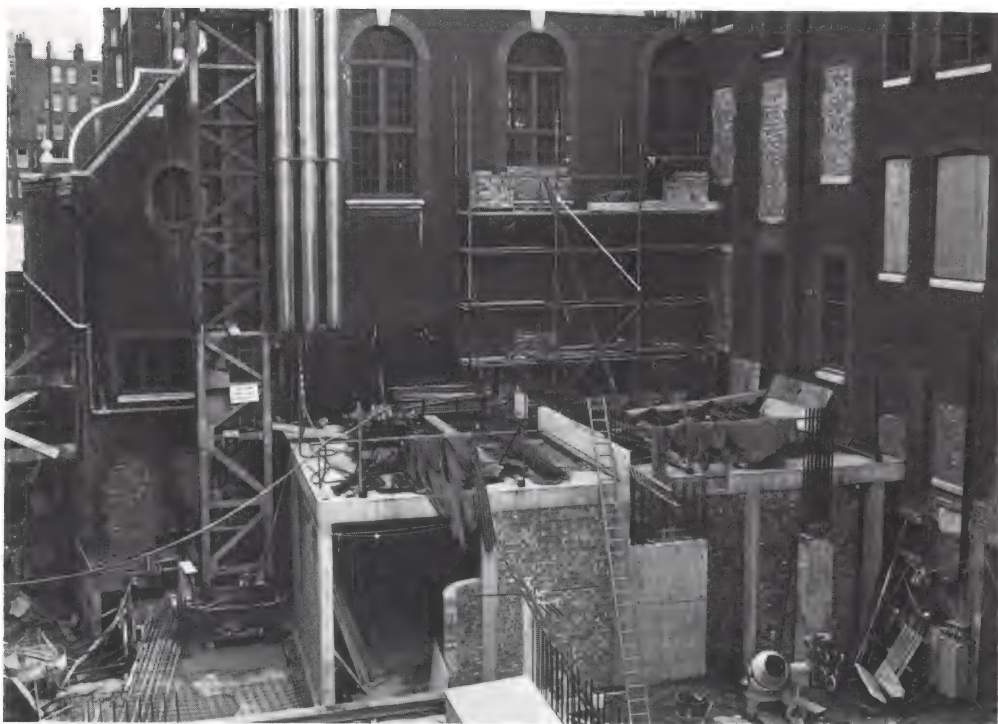
The 'teaching constitution' concept of the RAM brings tremendous problems and doubts to many average (*ie* the majority) students. If we accept that 'of course' we could work harder, then the hierarchy of the RAM must work with the students and the entire support of all people connected with the RAM to make the place more human and communicative without losing the healthy competition that must be present in education at this level.

It would be helpful if Dr Steinitz would make the effort to be more informed and less Victorian about the things that students are really concerned about *before* grand talk of music-making and courses. Much more basic administrative matters must be successfully 'tested' through the mechanism of the SRC and SU. For example (referring to one time when I used the services of the SRC), why is it possible to find bad faults on at least five grand pianos, which have been uncorrected ever since I came to the RAM? Also, why is it possible to practise (yes, even I practise sometimes!) for an hour-and-a-half on the fourth floor when five students have been queueing for two hours or more?

Yours faithfully,

John Harmar-Smith

RAM



A view of the redevelopment site at the back of the main Academy building, as it was in April 1975. To the right of the base of the crane is the new Recital Room, scheduled for completion by September 1975. The stage of the new Theatre will be constructed above this and the roof of the Theatre will extend almost to the parapet of the Duke's Hall—against which can be seen the three flues serving the new boiler house. Photograph by Douglas Hawkridge.

Notes about Members and Others

A memorable cello occasion in 1946 was when, to commemorate Pablo Casals's seventieth birthday, Hebert Walenn, who will be remembered as senior cello professor at the Academy and founder-principal of the London Cello School, arranged through the BBC for sixty-four cellists to broadcast Casals's *Sardana* in eight parts, with Sir John Barbirolli conducting. This was an occasion that will long be remembered by those who took part in it, and the recording of it that was sent to Casals gave him the greatest pleasure. On 21 February this year, Nancy Strudwick, a former pupil of Herbert Walenn, who was one of the players in 1946, organised, on behalf of the Uckfield Music Club, and conducted a concert in honour of the great cellist entitled 'Homage to Casals', with seventeen cellists, ten of whom were past or present pupils of hers and seven past RAM students. Casals's *Sardana* and *Song of the Birds* were both performed, John Boyce being the soloist in the latter. Other items included Klengel's *Hymn* for twelve cellos, Theodore Holland's *Cortège* and various Bach pieces. The string orchestra, led by Barbara Strudwick, accompanied the Vivaldi Concerto in C, played by Jonathan Beecher, and Couperin's *Pièces en Concert*, played by Chloe Allman-Ward (*née* Taunton). This concert was such a success that it was repeated in Sevenoaks on 28 June.

Brian Smyth has recently been appointed Head of the Music Department at Wall Hall College of Education, Aldenham, Hertfordshire.

Anne Marsden-Thomas gave an organ recital in Birmingham Town Hall in April, at the special request of Dr George Thalben Ball, who was the adjudicator when she was awarded her Recital Diploma at the Academy in 1973. She has just been appointed assistant organist at the City Temple in London.

Ian Hobson came second in the First Chopin National Piano Competition held in Miami, and will be flown at the expense of Polish Airlines to take part in the Ninth Frédéric Chopin International Competition in Warsaw in October. In Warsaw he will be the guest of the American Institute of Polish Culture.

L Gurney Parrott's book *The Celestial Music* (an introduction to Kirpal Singh) has been published by Ruhani Satsang, Delhi at \$4.00.

The Croma Trio (Elizabeth Thomas, piano, Ursula Snow, violin, and Peter Freyhan, cello) gave a midday recital at St John's, Smith Square on 18 February.

After publishing books on the arts of speech and acting, Dorothy Birch turned to novel writing, and to date has had three books published: *Dear Paradise*, *A Nightingale Sang*, and *A Question of Caring*—this last with a musical background.

Enid Quiney recently performed Britten's *Ceremony of Carols* with the Trinity Boys' Choir in Fairfield Hall, Croydon, and in a Holst Centenary Concert, the *Rig Veda* hymns with the Caterham Festival Chorus in the local parish church.

Mairi Pirie directed a double cast performance on Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* and of Berkeley's *A Dinner Engagement* for the RSAMD in January. Productions for the Drama department include Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, Lorca's *Yerma*, and Wilde's *The Importance of Being Ernest*.

Apologies to Harold R Clark and his ex-RAM soloists in this summer's Summer Recitals in Peterborough Cathedral—Jillian Skerry, Jean Hornbuckle, Neil Carlson and Timothy Barratt. In the Spring issue of the *Magazine* they were mentioned as having appeared *last* year, but in fact they are appearing this summer.

David Wooldridge's book *Charles Ives: A Portrait*, published in the USA last year (the centenary of Ives's birth), has now been published in this country (Faber & Faber, £6); a review will appear in the next issue of the *Magazine*.

Distinctions

FRAM

David Butt; Geoffrey Gambold; Clarence Myerscough; Meyer Stelow; Ronald Waller; Georgina Zellan-Smith, B Mus (Lond)

Hon RAM

Malcolm Arnold, CBE, FRCM; Daniel Barenboim; Else Cross; Robert Donington; Arthur Grumiaux; Hans Werner Henze; Heinz Holliger; Joan Last; Yvonne Minton; Geoffrey Parsons, Robert Ponsonby, MA (Oxon); Elisabeth Schwarzkopf; Alwyn Surplice, Mus D (Lambeth), B Mus (Dunelm), FRCO

Hon FRAM

The Countess of Munster; Emmie Tillett

ARAM

Nicholas Cole; Melanie Daiken; Anne Francis; Edward Garden, D Mus (Edin), B Mus (Lond), FRCO; Hale Hambleton; Cecily Holliday; Cherry Isherwood; David Llewellyn; Jeanetta McStay; Adrian Reed; Peter Uppard

Hon ARAM

Luisa Berra; Anna Sweeny

FGSM

Anthony Bowles

FRNCM

Ida Carrol, OBE, Hon MA (Manchester), Hon RAM, FRCM; Philip Cranmer, MA, B Mus (Oxon), Hon RAM, FRCO; Sir Charles Groves, CBE, Hon D Mus (Liverpool), Hon RAM, FRCM; Sir Anthony Lewis, CBE, MA, Mus B (Cantab), Hon Mus D (Birmingham), Hon RAM, FRCM, Hon FTCL, Hon GSM; John Manduell, FRAM, Hon FTCL

Hon M Mus (Hull)

Hugh Maguire, FRAM

Marriage

Arditti-Whitelegg: Irvine Arditti to Jennifer Whitelegg, 27 April 1975

Deaths

Sir Arthur Bliss, CH, KCVO, BA, Mus B (Cantab), Hon D Mus (Edin, Lond, Cantab et Bristol), Hon LLD (Glasgow), Hon RAM, FRCM, Hon FTCL, Commander of the Order of Leopold II, 27 March 1975

Luigi Dallapiccola, Hon RAM, 19 February 1975

Sir Neville Cardus, CBE, Hon RAM, 28 February 1975

Olive Ramuz, 27 November 1974

Lionel Tertis, CBE, FRAM, 22 February 1975

Eric Thiman, D Mus (Lond), Hon RAM, FRCO, 13 February 1975

Sir Jack Westrup, MA, Hon D Mus (Oxon), Hon RAM, FRCM, FRCO, Hon FTCL, 21 April 1975

RAM Awards

LRAM Diploma, April 1975

Pianoforte (Teacher's) Angela Allison, Judith Anderson, Sally Booth, Helen Burgess, Susan Bullock, Susan Cook, Robert Dando, Fatmata Daramy, Timothy Grant-Jones, Elizabeth Houlihan, Judith Keeley, Gabriel Kwok, Peter Luing, Lucille McAllister, Shauni McGregor, Nancy Parker, Harriet Petherick, Sandra Ratcliffe, Rosemary Rathbone, Catherine Ruttle, Jane Solly, Fiona Southey, Charles Spencer, Marilyn Turle, Janet Upton, Clive Watkiss, Alison White

Organ (Performer's) Robert Crowley, Richard Harvey

Organ (Teacher's) Paul Ellison, Margaret Hardinge

Singing (Teacher's) Deborah Gibbons, Brian Gordon, Rosalind Horsington, Nicholas Johnson, Nicola Lanzetter, Joan Losh, Jane Wynn Owen, Jill Thomas

Violin (Teacher's) Caroline Abbott, Hywel Davies, Margaret Lamb,

Judy Mayhew, Annamaria McCool, Ceinwen Penny, Rosamund

Podger, Lynn Steel, Charles Young, Dianne Youngman

Viola (Teacher's) Anne Cartwright, Jonathan Reed

Violoncello (Performer's) Catherine Giles

Violoncello (Teacher's) Frances Dale, Barbara Kennedy, Bettina Lawrence, Martin Thomas

Double Bass (Teacher's) Andrew Baker

Flute (Performer's) Andrew Lane, Rosemary Rathbone

Flute (Teacher's) Neil Harris, Nigel Perona-Wright, Jay Wilson

Oboe (Teacher's) William Frost

Clarinet (Performer's) Josef Pacewicz

Clarinet (Teacher's) Alastair Parslow Pearce

Trumpet (Teacher's) Ian Payne

Trombone (Teacher's) Stephen Baxter, David Whitson

Tuba (Teacher's) Nicholas Patrick

Timpani and Percussion (Teacher's) Martin Mestrury

Guitar (Performer's) David Burden, Sandra Cole, Timothy Spinks

Guitar (Teacher's) Jane Palmer

RAM Club News

Faith Deller

There was a special significance about the RAM Club Social which took place on 7 March 1975, in that it was in memory of Douglas Cameron.

A recital was given by the Lindsay Quartet, who played the Mozart string Quartet in B flat, K458 ('The Hunt'), followed by the Schubert Quartettsatz in C minor. Peter Cropper, Ronald Birks, Roger Bigley and Bernard Gregor-Smith were then joined by Thomas Igloi for a distinguished and sensitive performance of the Schubert Quintet in C—both cellists were pupils of Douglas Cameron. The string playing we heard must surely have been acceptable to the Cameron standard of integrity and refinement in performance, and the audience was clearly delighted with the excellence of the ensemble.

There was an atmosphere of happiness and warmth that evening. One felt a spirit of true thankfulness for a cellist, teacher and friend so splendid, so demanding of perfection and so well loved. The dignity of the players, the courage and serenity of Lilly Phillips and the manifest devotion of the friends who surrounded her, made it an occasion to be stored in one's memory.

In thanking the performers, David Martin, the President of the Club, reminded the audience of the Douglas Cameron Prize Fund, and asked that contributions might be sent to Frederick Grinke at the RAM.

President
David Martin
Vice-Presidents
Sir Thomas Armstrong
George Baker, CBE
May Blyth
Major-General R L Bond, CB, CBE, DSO, MC
Henry Cummings
Sir Vivian Dunn, KCVO, OBE
Myers Foggin, CBE
HRH Princess Alice, Duchess of Gloucester
Sir Gilmour Jenkins, KCB, KBE, MC
Guy Jonson
Vivian Langrish
Sir Anthony Lewis, CBE
W Graham Wallace
Madeleine Windsor

Committee

| 1972-5 | 1973-6 | 1974-7 |
|---------------------|------------------|-----------------|
| Gareth Morris | Jane Harington | Noel Cox |
| Flora Nielsen | Jeffery Harris | Ruth Harte |
| Constance Shacklock | Ralph Holmes | Alexander Kelly |
| Marjorie Thomas | Margaret Hubicki | Hugh Marchant |

| | | |
|----------------------|---------------------------|----------------------|
| <i>Hon Secretary</i> | <i>Hon Asst Secretary</i> | <i>Hon Treasurer</i> |
| Guy Jonson | Henry Cummings | Hugh Marchant |

Hon Auditors

Messrs Gane, Jackson & Walton

**Alterations and
additions to
List of Members**

Town Members

Brockless, Brian, *Savernake, 2 Grove Heath North, Ripley, Surrey*
Bryant, Raymond, *12 Warner Road, London N8*
Cooper, Elizabeth, *Kimmers Barn, Blundel Lane, Stoke d'Abernon, Surrey*
Green, Gordon, *5 North Villas, London NW5*
Herawati, Tenghu Sharifah, *64 Kyverdale Road, London N16*
Lambert, Mrs Rachel (*née Gutsell*), *7a Briants Close, Hatch End, Pinner, Middlesex*
Rose, Mrs J M (*née Margaret MacDonald*), *56 Marlborough Place, London NW8*
Samet, June, *Island House, Chiswick Mall, London W4*
Simons, Dennis Richard, *29 Montrose Avenue, Twickenham, Middlesex*
Simons, Mrs Penelope Jane, *29 Montrose Avenue, Twickenham, Middlesex*
Smith, Rodney, *29 Crown Road, London N10*
Spedding, Joan, *6 Woodberry Gardens, London N12*
Staines, Richard, *The Oak Lodge, 130 Auckland Road, London SE19*
Willis, Lady (*née Helen Mott*), *Flat 2, Feilding House, 103 North Hill, London N6*
Wilmer, Catherine, *356 Kew Road, Kew, Richmond,*

Country Members

Barrington, Jean, *87 Laver Street, Tettenhall, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire*

Bennett, S Margaret, *Combermere, Avenue Road, Malvern, Worcestershire*
Bradley, Shelagh, *37 Upperton Gardens, Eastbourne, Sussex*
Brown (formerly Braun), Mrs Haygarth, *1 The Priory Coach House, Church Street, Leatherhead, Surrey*
Docker, Mrs Meryl (*née Unsworth*), *Rosemary Cottage, Chapel Road, Old Newton, Stowmarket, Suffolk*
Durden, Alastair, *8 Fennel Close, Burpham, Guildford, Surrey*
Gledhill, Mrs June (*née Cochrane*), *11 Birchwood Avenue, Whickham, Tyne & Wear*
Head, Mrs Marsha M, *4 Lakeview Drive, Holly Park, Tamerton Foliot, Plymouth, Devonshire*
Jones, Evelyn M (Mrs R Idris Jones), *The Well House, Winchelsea, Sussex*
Lester-Cribb, David M, *5 West Woods, Edinburgh EH4 IRA*
Mangor, Jennifer, *3 Thrift Cottages, Knoxbridge, Cranbrook, Kent*
Napier, Lady (*née Elizabeth Hunt*), *8 Mortonhall Road, Edinburgh EH9 2HW*
Northey, D W A, *261 Charlton Road, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol BS10 6JS*
Oliver, Mrs Kathleen M (*née Allen*), *2 Cowpers Court, Eaton, Ford, Huntingdon, Cambridgeshire*
Parry, Mrs Rosalind (*née Deirdre Aitken*), *339 Harlaxton Road, Grantham, Lincolnshire*
Roadknight, F Ann, *Knightlow, Radmore Lane, Abbots Bromley, Rugeley, Staffordshire*
Royle, Mrs May A, *119 Shelly Road, Exmouth, Devonshire*
Tootell, Mrs P S, *Saxons, Brancaster Staithe, King's Lynn, Norfolk*
Turner, Mrs P A M, *Copsley End, Gayhouse Lane, Outwood, Redhill, Surrey*
Willoughby, Mrs E A, *Duskins, The Cleave, Cawsand, Plymouth PL10 INF*

Overseas Members

Cameron, Ian Malcolm, *School of Law, University of New South Wales, PO Box 1, Kensington, NSW 2033, Australia*
Jones, Glyndwr, *Arbutus Point RRI, Bowen Island, British Columbia, Canada*

Associate Member

Webb, Peter Vincent, *155 Harbour Tower, Trinity Green, Gosport, Hampshire*

Student Members

Demetriou, Nicholas, *15a Bickenhall Mansions, Bickenhall Street, London W1*
Reynolds, Hilary, *Flat C, 278 Earl's Court Road, London SW5*
Sobey-Jones, Stephanie, *Wheatlands, Old College Lane, Windermere, LA23 1BY*
Steele, Richard H E, *20 Smith Street, London SW3*

RAM Concerts
(Spring Term)

Symphony Orchestra

21 January

Penderecki

Three Miniatures (1959) for violin and piano
Polymorphia (1963) for 48 strings (first performance in London)*
String Quartet No 2 (1968)

Pittsburgh Overture (1967) for winds and percussion (first performance in Europe)†
 The Dream of Jacob (1974) for orchestra (first performance in Great Britain)*
Conductors Krzysztof Penderecki* and Paul Patterson†
Leader Paul Willey
 Irvine Arditti (violin), Ian Anderson (piano), Lennox Mackenzie (violin), Levine Andrade (viola), John Senter (cello)



The Symphony Orchestra Concert in the Duke's Hall on 24 March 1975, with Maurice Handford as conductor and Alan Brown as solo pianist

24 March
Weber Overture 'Oberon'
Delius Summer Night on the River
Rachmaninov Rhapsody on a theme by Paganini, Op 43
Hindemith Symphony 'Mathis der Maler'
Conductor Maurice Handford
Soloist Alan Brown (piano)
Leader Paul Willey

Chamber Orchestra

11 March
Busoni Lustspiel-Ouverture, Op 38
Mozart Piano Concerto in C minor, K 491
Debussy Printemps (Suite symphonique)
Bartók Second Suite, Op 4 (revised 1943)
Conductor Norman Del Mar
Soloist Paul Roberts (piano)
Leader Jonathan Strange

Choral Concert

27 March
Bach St John Passion
Conductor Meredith Davies
Soloists Lorna Washington, Anne Ballard (sopranos), Anne Mason (contralto), Brian Gordon (counter tenor), Charles Spencer (tenor), Richard Suart (bass); Charles Spencer, Stuart Beer (Evangelists), Kenneth Park (Jesus), David Wilson-Johnson (Pilate)
Leader Jonathan Strange

Repertoire Orchestra

21 March
Vaughan Williams Fantasia on a theme by Thomas Tallis
Beethoven Symphony No 7 in A, Op 92
Schumann Cello Concerto in A minor, Op 129
Berkeley Sinfonietta, Op 34
Brahms Variations on a theme by Haydn, Op 56a
Conductors Maurice Miles, and Members of the Advanced Conductors' Class: Philip Lee, Igor Kennaway, Michael Goss
Soloist François Rive (cello)
Leader Carol Norman

Training Orchestra

26 March
Mozart Overture 'Don Giovanni', K 527
Copland Quiet City
Delius On hearing the first Cuckoo in spring
Beethoven Symphony No 8 in F, Op 93 (I)
Bartók Rumanian Folk Dances
Mozart Overture 'Le nozze di Figaro', K 492
Ravel Pavane pour une Infante défunte
Haydn Symphony No 94 in G ('The Surprise') (IV)
Conductors Maurice Miles; and Members of the First-year Conductors' Class: Timothy Harper, Tony Moore, Hywel Davies, Clive Watkiss
Leader Ceinwen Penny

Review Week

In addition to regular Tuesday and Wednesday lunch-time concerts, an Exchange Concert was given by students from the Staatliche Hochschule für Musik, Cologne on 5 February. Westmorland Concerts, in the Purcell Room, were given on 12th March by Kate Jacobs (violin) and Roger Crocker (piano), and Margaret Archibald (clarinet) and Valerie Dickson (piano); on 2 April by the Medici String Quartet (Paul Robertson, David Matthews, Paul Silverthorne and Anthony Lewis); and on 16 April by the Vega Wind Quintet (Anthony Ovenell, George Caird, Charles Hine, Alan Warhurst and Adrian Leaper), and Elizabeth Crandon and Philip Mead (piano duet). Evening recitals were given by Betty Woo (piano) on 30 January, and Alison Stewart (oboe) on 13 March.

Review Week in the Spring Term (17–21 March) included lectures on 'The Ancient Court Music of Japan' (Professor Noel Nickson), 'The Restoration of Tudor Houses' (Brian Thompson), and 'The Teachers' Training College' (Dr Bernarr Rainbow). A singing master-class was given by Janet Baker; there was a demonstration by students from LAMDA; a showing of the film of Tchaikovsky's *Swan Lake* (with Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev); a 'New Music Forum'; a programme of music for viols presented by Dennis Nesbitt; two informal orchestral concerts

(conducted by Clive Watkiss and Antoine Mitchell); and the RAMSU Drama Society's production *Ramshackle II*.

Phillip Thomas

New Student Summer Term, 1975

The Students' Union

Editorial Oliver Williams

'The contribution by the Students' Union', wrote Dr Paul Steinitz in the previous issue, 'makes depressing reading... One looks in vain for thoughtful, constructive criticism of courses, examinations, music-making and all the other activities in which students should take a vigilant interest.' I hope the Union's present contribution shows a more critical turn, and goes some way towards satisfying those who shared Dr Steinitz's opinion.

Happily, the *RAM Magazine* will definitely come out three times a year in future. This will probably encourage students to contribute, since the more often the *Magazine* comes out the less likely it is students will feel that, if they write, their articles will be out-of-date by the time they appear in print.

Francis Poulenc—a musical Prunier?

Michael J Easton

For a long time the contemporary musical scene has been labelling Francis Poulenc as something of a talented amateur, a witty dilettante who, instead of contributing to the contemporary French tradition, merely debased the ideas of those who were attempting to further the Jean Cocteau aesthetic and the early Dada movement. Certainly many of the text books one reads give this impression.

The period when Poulenc's style came to fruition has been the cause of intense argument. Many people, disregarding the excellent works of 'Les Six', have been content to class them as talented tunesmiths, rather too sophisticated in technique for the Bar or the Circus but aesthetically merely revolutionary simpletons. Now we are moving on to more enlightened times and the 1920s may be viewed in retrospect, but many highly qualified musicians retain their early prejudices.

A brief look at Poulenc's style certainly might be cause for slight alarm. The four-square melodies the kaleidoscopic use of quite diverse styles, and the wrong-note harmonies that can often sound like a child attempting to play nursery tunes; all these facts go against perhaps the most self-effacing composer known. However, there is always a sense that Poulenc was enjoying what he wrote. Even his 'clumsy' melodic tunes are always so exactly timed that the intrinsic sense of carrying through to the end is always very much in evidence. Poulenc was basically self-taught, and perhaps because of this he felt that really large forms were not for him. I feel that Poulenc knew so well his own limitations and recognised that pedantic works such as Hindemith wrote were not his métier. His works in the style of the *comédie-buffe* instigated by Cocteau are a pleasant pastiche of the Gounod, Chabrier and at times even Messager models, but there is always a far greater bond with the text (a thing rare in the twentieth century, perhaps only equalled by Benjamin Britten). Two such works that immediately spring to mind are *Le Bal Masqué* of 1932 and *Les Mamelles de Tirésias* of 1944. Here the music is a racy mélange of film music, bar-room ballads and sentimental chansons (at times one can even feel the ghost of Ivor Novello). All this is bound up with a wrong-note harmony that is so precisely spaced as to give a clarity that sounds inevitable.



From a drawing by Jean
Cocteau

Leaving his music for the theatre, one is faced with the eclectic symphonic and choral works. The organ Concerto (1938) is superficially derived from Bach but in many ways there is a closer link in the music of Saint-Saëns and Widor, especially with the gentle lyricism which the ever-frank Poulenc is never afraid to display. The lyric style, often reminiscent of Fauré, flavours many of his early works, especially the piano music (see the second movement of the Sonata for two pianos of 1918) and the chamber music, where the gentle lyricism is sharply contrasted with a crisp, biting dissonance often formulated in simple Alberti bass-like patterns. One thinks instantly of the decisive clarinet Sonata (1962) and the less often played violin Sonata (1942–3). The lyrical side is allowed to develop unselfconsciously, and is always carried through in a craftsmanly way that keeps the danger of sentimentality at bay.

The choral works owe a great deal to the church music of Gounod. They all have a large sound, often highly dissonant yet instantly recognisable as Poulenc. In these works Poulenc is obviously affected by his texts, and each note feels as if its relevance to the word it conveys has been microscopically observed, polished and placed into position like a diamond in a crown. The *Stabat Mater* of 1951 and perhaps more so the appealing *Gloria* of 1960 are showered with this attention to detail, but for the quintessence of Poulenc's choral style one looks to the *Sept répons des ténèbres* of 1961.

So much for the better known side of the many-faceted Poulenc. But no consideration of his music can be complete without a look at his favourite compositions, his songs. He was a notable accompanist, and as such he became familiar with the work of Schubert, Fauré, Duparc and Wolf. In the songs each line is finely drawn, each cadence placed with watchmaker's precision, each crescendo matched to its counterpart and, most important of all, never more words than the music can safely convey. Each of Poulenc's song-cycles appears as an elegant frame to the words, reverently treated and with an honesty that makes one feel as if one was looking at a casket reserved for higher beings.

A day at the Northern College

Oliver Williams

The Royal Northern College of Music ranks with the top music colleges in this country and is now a popular choice amongst music students. Towards the end of last April I spent a pleasant afternoon there, in which I chatted with several students and was treated to a guided tour of the building. Here are some of my fleeting impressions of the college.

For those travelling from London, the journey to the RNCM is surprisingly simple. There is an hourly express from Euston which only an hour-and-a-half to reach Manchester. The college is a mere five-minute taxi ride from Manchester Picadilly Station. The college building is large, grey, and cubic in shape—in appearance a cross between an airline terminal and an atomic power station. One is immediately struck by the prevalence of grey brick. Everywhere—in the foyer, the common-room, the lecture-rooms and practice-rooms—the walls are of the same grey brick. This grey monotony is scarcely relieved by the uniform blue felt coverings of the chairs and the blue drapes hanging in some of the lecture-halls.

The gloomy exterior is redeemed somewhat by the size and impressiveness of the main hallway. The centre of the hallway commands a view of almost the whole ground floor. A little way

along, to the left is the canteen. Further along, straight ahead, is the students' common-room. Immediately to the right is a spiral stone stairway leading to the practice-rooms. Behind the staircase round a corner is a kind of large waiting-room.

The canteen is much like our own. The food is the same simple fare—cottage pie, fish and chips, tea and coffee—at the usual subsidised prices. The junior common-room is similar to our new common-room; it is the same size and there are the same soft, yielding armchairs. It has no bar, however; so it is treated less as a hotel lounge, as ours is, and more as a waiting-room.

There are ample practising facilities. The practice-rooms are tiny—nearly all of identical size—and form rows on either side of a long passage-way stretching down the length and breadth of the building. The rooms that are used for teaching are slightly larger. These are conveniently grouped together according to which instrument is taught in them; thus, one corridor is reserved for wind teaching, another for brass, and so on.

Something one can't help noticing about the RNCM is its leisurely and relaxed atmosphere. There is none of the beehive-like hustle and bustle one sees in the Academy. I think two reasons for this difference is that it is less crowded than the Academy, and that its location is quieter, much freer of traffic noise.

The atmosphere is also extremely friendly.

Wigmore

The 'Wigmore' is no place for modernistic stuff.
Its portals (with their leaded air of strong reproof)
Frown disapprovingly at the soloist
(His instrument the electric drill)
And though it's known to hear the burp and squeak
Beneath the painted sacred half-dome
With condescending patronage echos reply,
Sneering with silent sniff
Invaders of her catgut territory.

Catechism

On one long licentious lazy lustful afternoon,
Wistfully whiled wisdom's why's away,
Reviled the ruthless unrewarding retrospection
Of Darling Dora and her Dancing Dolls.

St John (the cat) sat,
His barbed boxing gloves
Sink and subside beneath
His furry friendly feline shape.

Paws, pawsies, pause,
Pat the purple printed poplin,
Catch and claw the crude canary perched,
And mar the muzzle of the mild but musty mongrel.

But Darling Dora's far away,
She tries to work, but her 'children' play,
The curtain rises for another show,
But the Dolls all melt as it starts to rain.

RAM Magazine

The *RAM Magazine* is published three times a year (in March, July and December) and is sent free to all members on the roll of the RAM Club and of the Students' Union. Copies may also be bought by non-members, price 50p per issue. Members are invited to send to the Editor news of their activities that may be of interest to readers, and the Editor is always glad to hear from members (and others) who would like to contribute longer articles, either on musical or on other topics. Copy for the Spring issue should arrive by 1 January, for the Summer issue by 1 April, and for the Winter issue by 1 September and, wherever possible, should be typed (double-spaced, one side of the page only), please. All correspondence should be addressed to: The Editor, RAM Magazine, Royal Academy of Music, Marylebone Road, London NW1 5HT.

Poems

Charles Young

